

AMERICAN SUFFRAGE.

Political Bribery Assuming Huge Dimensions.

The Future Destiny of This Country Threatened, and a Parallel to Nations of the Past Promised—A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

The text chosen by Dr. Talmage Sunday was Revelations xviii 10—"Alas, alas, that great city, Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come."

Modern scientists are doing a splendid work in excavating the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city, mother and child of the same name—Babylon.

The ancient mound invites the spades and shovels and crowbars, while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. These scientists find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than 2,000 years ago. May the explorations of Havellinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archaeological uncovering.

But is it possible this is all that remains of Babylon—a city, once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York. Walls 375 feet high and 93 feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill 400 feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amytis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and arborescence-unimagined. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazaars and of market places, unrivalled for aromatics and unguents and high-mettled horses with grooves by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest purples extracted from shell-fish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephant hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a reprieve to the sun. Fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages! But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of Saturni were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccupping around the state table were the rulers of the land, Gen. Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threat of the text: "Alas, alas, that great city of Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." But do nations die? Oh, yes, there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born, they have a middle life, they have a decease, they have a cradle and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations, and some of the dead cities and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying "Dead, dead!" Assyrian Empire, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After 600 years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish Kingdom stand up. After 250 years of divine interposition, and of miraculous vicissitudes, and of heroic behavior, and of appalling depravity, dead. Phœnicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic ocean in another direction, dead.

Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fisherman dried their nets all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylae; dead. Roman Empire, stand up and answer. Empire once bounded by the British channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic ocean on the west. Home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning, Roman Empire, answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says "Dead," and the forsaken seats of the ruined coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the bridge Triumpalis, and the Maumertine

prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum, and Basilica of Constantine, and the Arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying: "Dead! dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Caesar, dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken empire, Mexican empire, dead. French empire, dead.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations, and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in His mercy interposes, and through a purified ballot-box and a wide-spread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot-box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American government, and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plow up the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery, which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory; but is there any homunculus who supposes that this vast amount of money now being raised by the political parties is going in a legitimate direction? The vast majority of it will go to buy votes. Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a republican vote, and so much money for a democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the transaction. You want to know which party will carry the doubtful states day after to-morrow? I will tell you. The party that spends the most money. This moment, while I speak, the peddlers carrying gold from Wall street, gold from Third street, gold from State street, and gold from the Brewers' Association, are in all the political headquarters of the doubtful states, dealing out the infamous inducement.

There used to be bribery, but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin legislature and many other officials in that state. The governor of the state at that time received \$50,000 for his signature. His private secretary received \$5,000. Thirteen members of the senate received \$175,000 among them in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. The lieutenant-governor received \$10,000. The clerks of the House received from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. The bank controller received \$10,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see, the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now, political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election next Tuesday.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into the harbor, had better be changed, and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism.

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease the American government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation, and let my text inscribe upon it these words: "Alas! alas! for Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid north. A solid south. If this goes on we shall, after awhile, have a solid east against a solid west, we shall have solid middle states against solid northern states, we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is twenty-seven years since the war cloud, and yet at every presidential election the old antagonism is aroused. When Garfield died and all the states gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself: "I think sectionalism is dead." But alas, no. The difficulty will never be ended until each state of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties. This country can not exist unless it exists as one body—the national capital the heart, sending out, through all the arteries of communication, warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation can not exist unless it exists as one family, and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread-

tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining-room; and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio river change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years, without permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the low state of public morals.

What killed Jethro of my text? What killed Phœnicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity, and the fraud and the drunkenness and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for offices at different times are entirely unfit for the positions for which they have been nominated.

They have no more qualification for them than a wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right on under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics has sunk to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The speculation and knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxi and Stromboli of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath the surface, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven-descended democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse every thing; but after a while the heaven-descended republican party outwitted pandemonium with the Star Route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country people who say the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco ten or fifteen years ago—that beautiful city, that queen of the Pacific. May the blessings of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I got into the city of San Francisco the mayor of the city and the president of the board of health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarter, no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are. But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said: "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" I said: "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" "Then, I said, 'my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarter, but your millionaire libertines.'"

And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipped of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl red-hot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there out to be!

There is enough out-and-out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, '79 buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the 1813 subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in some of the American cities to-day whole blocks of houses which the authorities know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are are silenced, by lush money, so that such places are as much under the defense of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy. These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You can not cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery, and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath and with most decisive amputation, cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile, the cephalopoda, which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is not superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaim to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephalopoda of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halberd, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

A son of King Croesus is said to have been dumb and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of silence, and cried out: "Kill not my

father, Croesus!" When I see the cheater and the wantonness and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yes, patricide upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with canorous tones of fiery protest.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied: "I am keeping hope!" And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. Hope thou in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation. Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made to-day? It is the prize of this continent. Never since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion; down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific ocean dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square inches, and all of it but about one seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth, if, according to the expectation of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or Satan?

THE MODERN MILLER.

He Is Totally Unlike the Grist Grinder of Other Days.

The miller of the old time was so closely associated with the farmer that, although he surpassed him in intelligence and knowledge of the world, he still resembled and bore a close relationship to him. The miller of the present is a manufacturer of flour and a dweller in cities. Frequently he has but a slight technical knowledge of his trade and spends more time on 'Change than in his mill proper. He is a man of affairs and has to do with foreign exchange. He draws his information not in the old simple manner from direct, personal contact and gossip from his neighbors over his half door, but from cables and telegrams and a wide range of correspondents located in many lands far and near. He studies international and not neighborhood conditions and disposes of his product not on the toll and exchange principle, but through an army of agents. His mill is not a placid, murmuring, poetic, and artistic ivy-grown structure, lurking modestly on some quiet stream, half hidden by trees, but a huge and, alas too often, a hideous looking factory, puffing and pounding and trembling away day and night in an effort to turn out all the flour it can, driven by mighty engines, or powerful turbines, or both. The wheat does not come to it direct from farmers' wagons, unloaded by horny-handed agriculturists, prone to drive a sharp bargain and exchange gossip, but by long train loads, over switches built for the purpose from the main line to the mill. To pay for the constant stream of wheat which comes into this mill and to find a market for the barrels and sacks of flour which pour out of it, taxes the brain of to-day's miller to the utmost, and forces him—harassed as he is by the manipulations of his raw material, by the grain gamblers—to exert all his energy and business ability to keep his huge machine moving and still come out whole at the end of the year. The complete change which has occurred in the character of the miller and his plant may be said to date from the beginning of the "new process" in milling, which began to be inaugurated in the United States about twenty years ago.—W. C. Edgar, in Chautauquan.

—Ought to Know.—"The Daily Bread is a good paper to work on, isn't it?" said the reporter with the checkered trousers. "Yes," replied the reporter with the loud watch-chain, "but it's peculiar. Just sure as a man gets to doing good work and becomes worth something it fires him. I've been on that paper mighty near ten years," he added, retrospectively, "and I never knew it to keep a fellow that was worth a continental longer than about six months. That is, I—er—"

—How soon you can see faults in a horse you have traded for, after you get home with him.—Ram's Horn.

—Wooden—Wasn't that a finished sermon? Bulfinch—Yes, but I thought for a while it never would be.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Oliver T. Morton, the son of the "War Governor" of Indiana, is about to publish a book entitled "The Southern Empire." It contains three essays, the first of which gives its name to the volume, and is a study of the probable effect on the western world of a successful result of the southern rebellion.

—Except himself, but two members of Oliver Wendell Holmes' class at college still survive. The famous class dinners at a public hotel have been discontinued, but those who remain are still annually entertained by Dr. Holmes in his own house. It has been sixty-three years since the graduation exercises of these three octogenarians.

—In their young days, the now celebrated artists, Thomas and Edward Moran, were employed in a carpet factory in Philadelphia, where they mixed the colors used in designing carpets. Their skill at this work attracted the attention of the proprietor, who supplied them with material for higher art work and encouraged them to study after factory hours.

—The idea of using beet juices in steam boilers instead of water has again attracted some attention in Belgium. The juices are heated to 248 degrees fahrenheit, at which temperature there is no danger of sugar inversion. Steam obtained is used in regular way about the factory. The thickened juice is subsequently reduced to a sirup in triple effect.—Scientific American.

—"What America Owes to Woman" is the title of a book which Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer is preparing for the Woman's Department of the World's fair. Mrs. Farmer solicits any suggestion concerning the work of women in this country, especially "either personal facts of interest or statistics of the number of women engaged in philanthropy, education or any line of labor, mental or physical." Her address is Cleveland, O.

—The oldest man in England is said to be Amos Jinks, a native of Shropshire, now living at Wellingborough, Northamptonshire. The claim that he is one hundred and seven years old, it is averred, has been investigated and thoroughly verified by responsible parties. The old man is withered and bent, his eyesight has failed, and his voice is shaky, but apart from these evidences of age he is free from physical infirmity. He eats, drinks and sleeps well, and is not at all deaf.

—Edwin Booth, the actor, has positively decided not to appear again upon the stage. He has a fortune of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he does not appear ambitious to increase. His professional and business associates have urged him to make a farewell tour of the country for the benefit of old theater-goers who would like to revive their memory of his acting and of young people who have never yet had an opportunity of seeing him. But his reticence and lack of vigorous health decide him to end his days in private life, which is a matter of deep regret.

HUMOROUS.

—"They tell me you are the leading member of the college football team. What position do you fill?" "I put on the bandages."—Chicago News.

—An Eye to Business.—Farmer—"How can I guard against having this watch stolen?" Jeweler—"Attach to it a chain and locket."—Jewelers' Weekly.

—How to Keep Red Currant Jam.—Put it on the top shelf of the cupboard, lock the door and hide the key where little Johnnie can not find it.—N. Y. Herald.

—The heart, relenting, still is prone to smother the angry feelings which arise 'twixt men; But when balloons fall out with each other They seldom speak again.

—Puck.

—A Market street soft-drink cafe displays a sign reading: "Try one of our Columbus egg phosphates and you will discover another world."—Philadelphia Record.

—Pat—"I'll have a pound of tay, if yer please." Grocer—"Black or green?" Pat—"Sure it makes no difference; the masher's a blind man."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—To Marguerite.—She sparkles like a brilliant, She's gentle and she's sweet—I'll wager that this maiden's No less Marguerite.

—Detroit Free Press.

—"Smiggins appears to grow more stupid every day." "Yes. Somebody told him that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and he is trying to forget all he knows."—Washington Star.

—Fair Customer—"Are you sure this sticky paper will catch flies?" Dealer—"Yes, indeed, mum. I sold half a dozen sheets to a boarding-house keeper yesterday, and in two hours she caught enough for a huckleberry pie."

—Physician—"Ah, madam, you should have sent for me before your husband became unconscious." Widow—"Yes, doctor; but while he was conscious he told me not to send for you under any consideration."—Boston Beacon.

—An old man entered a crowded street-car, and seeing a boy seated in the corner, asked if he would give him his seat. "Naw, said the boy. "Do you think that is showing the respect to age that is becoming in a boy? If your father were to come into this car now, wouldn't you get up and give him a seat?" "Betcher life," said the boy; "I ain't ridin' in a street-car with any ghost."